

THE ADVOCATE.

LITTLE THINGS

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,
I love you my dear," each night,
But it seeds a thrill through the heart, I find;
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

Jeannette Miller Monthly.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Whisky will take out every kind of fruit stain. Table-cloths and napkins which have become almost ruined by stains may be restored by pouring whisky upon them before washing.

A sofa cushion is a soft, changeable seagreen surah, made up in oblong shape. One corner is of plain dove-colored silk, upon which the words "Fair thoughts be your fair pillow" are worked. Deep drills of silk finish the cushion. Heart-shaped and fan-shaped cushions are also in great demand, and all of them have straps attached, so that they be carried without inconvenience.

For white fruit cake sift one pound of flour with two teaspoonsful of baking powder; cream one pound of sugar and a half a pound of butter together; mix with the flour, beat well and add one teaspoon of sliced citron, one cup of blanched almonds one teaspoon of stoned raisins and three of grated cocoanut; lastly, stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of fourteen eggs, thin with half a cup of sweet milk and pour in a greased mold. Bake two hours.

A leather-covered easy chair and couch have been kept in excellent condition for years by rubbing the leather part occasionally with salad-oil and vinegar. Rub on a little of the oil with an old silk handkerchief, and with another give the leather a thorough polishing. If too much of the mixture is applied, or the rubbing is too light, the leather will be left in a sticky, oily condition.

Gare of Lamps.

If a lamp is properly brushed out with a stiff little brush, which may be kept for the purpose, there is no need of washing the burner. All that is necessary is to wipe the burner out in every part with a soft flannel or cotton cloth, which should also be kept for the purpose. This keeps the burner bright and free from surplus oil and dust. The best way of treating a wick is to brush of the charred part and thus allow it to trim itself. If the scissors are used it is apt to be uneven until the flame has burnt it even. A few drops of alcohol will do more to remove the dust and smoke from the inside of a lamp chimney and leave it crystal bright than a quart of water. When dust is difficult to remove, apply a little alcohol on a cloth.—Ex.

A week or two ago a man named William Hooven left Curwinstown, Cleardfield county, trundling a wheelbarrow, with the avowed intention of making a trip across the continent. He was a poor man and left his family in an almost destitute condition. He thought he could make enough money by writing to newspapers recounting his trip to keep himself and family. But the combination didn't work. The newspapers, as usual, couldn't tell a good thing when they saw it, and so didn't tumble all over each other in their frantic efforts to secure the thrilling letters of Mr. Hooven. The result was that the constable of Curwinstown has sold his household goods, leaving the wife and children almost penniless. Hooven is being "roasted" on all sides.—Ex.

Scalded Fowls.

If all fowls were scalded after being killed, instead of dry picked, the skin would be cleaned and the feathers more easily removed. Lice sometimes exist in carcasses that have been dry picked, especially when fowls have been kept on filthy locations. Scalding kills all vermin and makes the carcass clean. It would be well, also, if all carcasses were drawn as they could then be washed inside (and salted if necessary) instead of marketing dressed fowls with the entrails remaining, as is the custom in some sections.—Farm and Fireside.

"LIB."

One morning, during the earlier years of my practice in the west, I was riding toward a little New Mexican mining camp. It consisted of a few shanties in which the men bunked, one or two adobe huts, a provision store, a hotel and a saloon. As I reached the point where the straggling road became a street I met John Wolcott, superintendent and assayer of the Bosworth mines. He looked unusually serious, and calling a man to take my horse to the stable, I dismounted and seated myself beside him on his buckboard. It had been difficult to convince the men, most of them easy going but hard headed miners, that the epidemic was upon us, and when I had first pronounced it smallpox the boys had cursed me in no measured terms. For several days after they had continued to drop in and see Freeman, bringing samples of prime whisky to pull him through.

The symptoms, however, soon became unmistakable. A panic had seized the men, and thus my worst fears began to be realized. Within eleven days from the time when I first visited Freeman six men were low and one had died. It seemed advisable for me to leave my practice at A—with an assistant and to spend my time for a few days mostly at the camp.

The cabin in which an attempt had been made to isolate Freeman was already quite full, and now, as we drove along among the dusty cañons, John told me that there were two new cases at Scudder's saloon.

"A saloon isn't just the place for them," I said, but I don't think he heard me. He continued:

"They must be moved at once. The men have fled now, but it would take more than the smallpox to keep that place empty."

We drove directly to Scudder's. Wolcott had closed the shutters and it was so dark that I could not at first see the two men, whose quick breathing I heard. I threw open a window. Two overturned chairs, a broken table, half a dozen broken bottles and an array of dirty glasses on the bar testified to the hilarity of the previous evening. One of the sick men lay on the floor behind the bar and the other in a corner of the disorderly little room. A comrade braver or more thoughtful than his fellow deserters had set a pitcher of water on the floor and later had pitched some blankets in through the window.

Both men were in a stupor from the combined effect of the whisky and the disease, but the symptoms were unmistakable.

"Where shall we put them?" I asked Wolcott.

"Not much choice of places. Judson has just finished a shanty. We'll have to use it. I'll hunt him up."

But little could be done for the sick men until they were differently placed, so I drove out with John to see what could be found. Judson was not at the hotel. The landlord, knowing what we wanted, shook his head. He didn't think Judson had built that shanty for a pesthouse. He had heard talk about a wife and some little children.

There were but three women in the camp, two of whom, Mexican women, were employed as help in the hotel. So Judson's theme had a special significance for his friends as well as for himself. We drove on. The man we sought was not at the mine, but an hour later we met him on his way there.

"Judson," said Wolcott (he had an unnecessarily authoritative manner with the men), "we shall have to take your house for the sick people!"

"The devil you will!"

"Yes; the cabin is full, and there are two fresh cases at Scudder's this morning. Your house is in shape, isn't it?"

"Not much, and what's more it won't be."

"What's the trouble?"

"Think I've put \$300 into that shanty for you to put them drunken devils into?"

"We could make that all right."

"No, ye couldn't. Next time I build, maybe I'll fit up for a pesthouse, but this happens to be for my wife and children."

"I can't think of another place," said Wolcott, speaking rather to himself than Judson.

"Let them stay where they are; they can't hurt Scudder's," the householder called out as we left him. We drove on in silence. I did not know the situation well enough to make suggestions, and I confess to having felt an interest in seeing how a practical man would deal with the emergency.

A woman was coming toward us. I think it was a shade of disgust on Wolcott's face that drew my attention to her tall, rather heavy figure, which moved toward us with a certain grace. Her bleached hair was drawn back into a knot in some unkempt fashion, and her face as she stopped, evidently wishing to speak with Wolcott, was like a blurred manuscript, revealing but little, and that of a character that she would have concealed had it been possible.

"Mr. Wolcott," she said as we came near her (John pulled up his horse with evident impatience), "you know where I live!"

"You're Miss Smith, I believe?" She looked questioning at him for

a moment, but she could gain nothing from his impassive face. Then, as if she knew our dilemma and the course of our thoughts, she said, "Spose ye bring them men to my house?"

"Where will you go?"

"Guess there ain't no place to go. I'll stay there."

"It can't be done."

"Ain't it good enough for 'em?"

"Good enough? Yes, but have you had the smallpox?"

"No." We drove on. "Say, Mr. Wolcott" (the woman had not moved), "they're there now."

"Where?"

"At my house."

"Oh!"

"It's all right, ain't it?"

"Who moved them up there?"

"Two of the men from Jake's cabin. I told them" (looking furtively into Wolcott's face) "that I had orders from you!"

"You did! Well, now you have an order from me—get a horse, go straight to A—and stay there until I give you permission to come back. Do you hear?"

"I'm afraid doctor won't let me go there," she said, looking at me.

"No," I said, replying to Wolcott's searching glance, "I won't let her go. She's been helping to care for the boys in Jake's cabin, and I suppose she has just come from these new cases." She nodded as I said this, and we drove on.

I had known John Wolcott from his early childhood and well understood his impatience now. It annoyed him to have his cut and dried classifications of humanity disturbed. I knew that he would brood over this unexpected incident until some satisfactory reason for its existence was found. He was surprised, even chagrined, to find that a woman like the one we had just met could appeal in any way to his respect.

"Now, what did she do that for?" he said after a thoughtful silence.

"What would any one do such a thing for? She's human, isn't she?" Wolcott's intolerance seemed brutal at times.

"Human? Certainly; but how do you explain her life?"

"I don't have to explain it," I said.

"The men call her Lib," he said significantly.

"They don't throw stones at her, do they?" I asked.

"No," reflectively, "I don't think they do."

When I had attended to those who were in the more advanced stages of the disease Wolcott joined me again and together we drove toward Lib's cabin. It was well out on the plain, a bare, unpainted little place, browned by the sun to a certain harmony with its surroundings. Lib was seated on her doorstep and seemed to be resting from recent exertion.

"They're in there," she said, waving her hat, which she was using as a fan, toward the front room and making way for us to pass her.

The room was bare and comfortable. Its furniture consisted of two cots, one or two wooden chairs and a pine table. Its decoration was achieved by the presence on the walls of a few gaudy prints from the circus. The place was clean enough, but untidy. It was wholly lacking in the charm that makes a place homelike.

"You'd better tell me what to do," she said when we had undressed the men and made them more comfortable. "I reckon I'll be the only nurse in this hospital." And so it turned out.

"Do your best, Elizabeth," I said when I had given her instructions about medicines and drinks. "Do your best and we'll stand by you." She looked at me with some surprise. I wondered afterward if she had ever been called Elizabeth before.

The situation presented an unsolved problem to Wolcott. Alert and vigilant to all that came under his supervision, I saw that his eyes often rested on the nurse as she moved about in obedience to orders. Now that his first repugnance had been overcome, he treated her as he would have treated any faithful serving woman. She obeyed him unquestioningly, and as she was a good cook and possessed unfailing good nature she proved to be a capital nurse.

There were certainly hard cases. They had to be managed, and Lib had her own methods. She would swear at them, threateningly or encouragingly as the case seemed to suggest, but never with ill temper. When circumstances allowed she would drop asleep in some corner, to be awakened by the first call or moan from her patients.

There were at one time five cases in that little room, and their recovery was largely due to Lib's faithful service. We lost three cases in the other cabin.

Wolcott's sense of justice led him to say something kind to her one day.

"You're a good nurse, Elizabeth. You must have had experience."

"Yes, I've nursed a good many times on and off."

"Smallpox? I thought you said you'd never had that."

"No, not smallpox, but what's the sense of being scared? Hell can't be much worse than being beat black and blue by a drunken fool."

"The scorchin' might be a trifle more worryin'," suggested one of the

sick men in a teasing way. They were all convalescent now. An expression of fear flashed across Lib's face, usually so stolid.

A young fellow on one of the cots saw it, and with some unnecessarily emphatic adjectives said:

"Oh, damn it, Lib! You won't go there, and if you should there ain't a devil in all Tophet mean enough to toast you."

"He might be drunk, you know," Lib answered, "and then there's no saying what he would or wouldn't do."

Naturally Lib did not escape the contagion. I found her one morning when I called to see the last of the convalescents lying on one of the cots.

"It's come, doctor!" she said. "Good thing the boys are out of the way. Are there any new ones?"

"No. Let me see your tongue."

Her case was serious, and from the beginning there was but little hope of her recovery. When I told Wolcott about her his face was a curious study. He was generally rather guarded in his forms of expression, but I thought he spoke strongly when he said that if the Almighty had ever created any greater conundrum than a woman he hoped it might be kept out of his range.

"You wouldn't find women so mysterious, John, if you'd consent to study them at shorter range." I had frequently counseled him to marry.

"Wouldn't I? You weren't with us down in Maine when I had the smallpox?"

"No; that was after I had come west."

"Do you remember Margaret Truesdale?"

"Very well."

"We were to have been married—well, no matter about particulars. I came west. What can we do for Lib?"

"Not much, I'm afraid." She was rather more patient and obedient than the men had been. At times she was delirious, but there were intervals when she was not so and when she wanted to talk. From the little kitchen one day I heard Wolcott say, "Elizabeth, how did such a good sort of a woman as you are come to be living as you do here?" I had a pitcher of hot water in my hand and stood still until it burned my fingers to hear her answer.

"I never knowed any other way to live. Ye don't think I'm wicked'n the men 'round here, do ye?"

The answer was prompt and positive. "No, I don't."

Was this my Puritan friend?

As Lib sank under the effect of the disease and it became plain that she must die, the Mexican woman who was helping to take care of her thought that a priest should be called. But Lib did not want him. She had not, it seemed, any church traditions, and I thought her without any germ of religious feeling; but one day she surprised me by asking (Wolcott had just gone out), "Is God better'n him?"

"Why, Lib?"

"If he is, maybe he'll give me another chance." It seemed that the thought had in some irregular fashion been turning itself about in her mind, for after a time she added:

"Maybe he'll be good."

"Yes," I said; "he'll be good."

"Ye know that day I met ye in the road?" She was looking toward the door and still thinking of Wolcott and a curious attempt to smile was apparent on her disfigured face.

"He thought that day that I was worse than the smallpox. I know he did, but he's been good." She dozed fitfully, and in one of her waking moments asked, "Do ye believe God'll take care of me as you two have done?" Wolcott was standing by her cot. He answered unhesitatingly:

"Yes, Elizabeth. He had the kindest words for such women as you are. He'll take care of you."

"Then, maybe I'll have a chance. I ain't had much chance here."

"Yes, I'm sure there'll be a chance for all who want one." This was a far broader creed than any I had heard my friend formulate in our frequent talks. But he spoke sincerely and confidently. There was in our care for the sick woman not a trace of sentimentality. She had been of practical service to us—had risked her life in humane work—and none could, under the circumstances, have done less. Our surprise was in seeing how quickly, in such unpromising soil, the seed of kindness germinated, and also in witnessing the feeble gropings of her spirit in the light of unaccustomed sentiments.

A few nights later, in a stony field beside three other graves, now marked by sunken earth, we buried her. The lantern which was held while Wolcott read a few sentences from the burial service shed its flickering light on the faces of seven men, five of whom were scarred and wan from recent illness.

As he read that "this corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality," he paused, and there was a silence that made us conscious of the solemn stars above us. As we turned away we saw another light—Lib's cabin was already in flames. As John Wolcott saw it he said loud enough for me to hear, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."—New York Press.

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Live Lexington	3 05 p m		
Live London	3 15 p m		
Live Corbin	4 50 p m		
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Live Barboursville	5 52 p m		
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Live Lancaster	4 45 p m		
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Arr Richmond	10 15 a m		
Live Jellico	8 05 a m		
Live Williamsburg	8 45 a m		
Arr Corbin	9 35 a m		
Live Cumberland Gap	6 35 a m		
Live Middlesboro	6 55 a m		
Live Pineville	7 45 a m		
Live Barboursville	8 35 a m		
Arr Corbin	9 25 a m		
Live Corbin	9 35 a m		
Live London	10 11 a m		
Live Lexington	11 05 a m		

Live Berea	11 15 a m		
Arr Richmond	12 10 a m		
Live Richmond	6 05 a m		
Arr Winchester	6 55 a m		
Live Winchester	7 10 a m		
Arr Paris	7 45 a m		
Live Lexington	7 45 a m		
Live Paris	7 55 a m		
Live Cincinnati	8 24 a m		
Live Falmouth	9 25 a m		
Arr Covington	10 49 a m		
Arr Cincinnati	10 55 a m		